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SWEETBRIAR.

A branch of sweetbriar—Ah, my heart!
The tender tears unbidden start
To weary, world worn eyes;
I kiss the faded, fragrant spray,
And memories of a bygone day
Before my vision rise.

How often my lost darling wore
The sweetbriar green! She loved it more
Than many-tinted bloom;
It often graced her maiden breast,
Now, planted where she lies at rest,
It beautifies her tomb.

My little love in days of old!
Youth's mourning-hour of rose and gold
Comes back to me to night;
I see her in her girlish grace,
The sunny sweetness of her face,
Her childish robe of white.

I smell the sweetbriar in her hand,
I see the garden where we stand
On England's southern shore;
I hear the rippling streamlet fall,
I hear her laughter musical,
Now silenced evermore.
She was too frail for earth's employ,
Too calm and pure for human joy,
But like the sweetbriar green,
The memory of her gentle life
Makes sweet the years of worldly strife
That lie our lives between.

A WILD RIDE.

Before I begin my story I must tell you that I am a commercial traveler, born and bred, so to speak, to the business.

I have my wits about me, and, as I often happen to have a good many valuable articles also, I have need of them.

I am an Englishman—English to the backbone—and live on roast beef, bottled ale and old port wine. I am one of the men who don't dream and don't fancy.

When I see a thing I see it. When I hear a thing I hear it. And what I saw on one particular occasion I mean to tell you.

You will not offend me if you doubt it. Nevertheless, I shall, as I said, tell the story.

It was in the year 18—, and the month was May, and the place was England. I had left London five days before, and now I was miles and miles away from it, in the very heart of the country, traveling toward a little town where I had business. It was an old-fashioned inn, and the people were kind and obliging.

Travelers did not stop often at that inn, I suspect, for they were as particular about my meals as though I had been a prodigal son come home for the holidays.

They killed the fatted chicken for me and made much of me altogether; and to crown all, as the train did not stop in time to take me on, as I wanted to go, and as it was only a matter of five miles or so, what did the landlord do but hunt up a rusty old coach that was tucked away in the coach-house, and ordered his man to drive me over that evening. It wasn't an extra, mind you. It was sheer good will. Shook hands all around, and remembered the chambermaid and the waiter with half a crown each, and off I rode. It was getting dark fast, and the road wound away among the hills in a very romantic sort of a way; why, it made you think of ghosts, if you were a commercial traveler.

"Here's the place," says I to myself, "where the old gentleman of the road would have liked to have met me and my black bag fifty years ago."

A hundred years ago, anyhow, I would not have felt so safe as I do now.

Just then the coach came to a sudden pause.

"Hallo," cried I out of the window, "what's the matter?"

"It's more than I can tell, sir," said the man. "Black Jane has turned sulky; she won't move a step."

With that he began to shout and crack his whip, I, with my head out of the window watching him, and suddenly the beast started off like mad, and I drew in my face and saw I had company.

While the coach was at a stand-still, a lady and gentleman had slipped in.

They sat on the seat opposite me, and though it was an intrusion, I had not the heart to find fault, for a prettier pair I never saw in my life.

If he was twenty-one years, it was just as much as he could be, and she was not seventeen.

I have seen a pair of china lovers on the mantle-piece the perfect image of what they were, as pretty, and dressed much the same.

His hair was powdered and hers too. She had on a yellow silk, lower in the neck than I would like a daughter of mine to wear it, and her arms would have been bare only for her long kid gloves. She had pearls in her ears and on her throat, and she had just the most innocent little face my two eyes ever rested upon. As for the boy, he had a chocolate velvet coat and white silk stockings, and lace ruffles at his wrists. And they had one large cloak—his, I fancy—cast about the two of them, though it dropped back a bit as they sat down.

"Two young folks going to a fancy ball, perhaps," said I, "and just took a lift on the way."

And I touched my cap to them, and says I:

"Fine evening, sir."

He did not answer me, but she looked at me and stretched out a little white hand.

"Oh, sir," she said, "look out at the back of the coach, I pray you, and tell me if he is gaining on us."

I looked out of the window.

"There's a man on horseback riding up the road," said I, for I saw one.

"Oh, heavens!" said she.

"Courage, Betty," said the young fellow. "They shall never part us."

Then I knew it was a runaway match.

"I see now it is," said I. "Keep up your heart, young man. If the young lady likes you, she'll stick to you through thick and thin. I'll do my best to help you."

"Oh, heaven!" she cried again. Oh, my darling, I hear the horses feet. There are more of them. Oh, sir, look; tell me."

I looked and saw many armed horsemen coming swiftly.

"Closer to my heart, Betty," cried the young man. "My beloved, they come."

He drew his sword.

Among other things he wore a sword.

I pulled my pistol from my pocket.

We all stretched our heads forward, and at that moment the coach turned a rocky point of the road, and I saw we were on the margin of a precipice.

All this time Black Jane had kept up her furious speed, and I saw we were in danger.

"Haven care," cried I.

"Faster!" cried the young man.

Suddenly there came a jolt and a scream from the lady. I heard him say, "At last we die together."

And the coach lay flat on its side—not over the precipice, but on the edge of it.

A man is a little stunned by a thing like that.

When I'd climbed out of the window and helped old Anthony up with the coach, and coaxed Black Jane to quietness, I remembered that no one else got out of the vehicle, and I looked about in vain for my pretty lovers. They were not there, nor were there any signs of the troop of horsemen I had seen dashing up the hill. They could not have passed us in that narrow path by any possibility.

"We ran a chance for our lives, master," said Anthony. "Yet I'm called a good driver, and Black Jane is the kindest thing I ever saw in harness. Thank God for all His mercies. It's a strange thing we did not go over the cliff."

"But where did they go? I asked.

"Who?" said Anthony.

"The two lovers—the pretty creatures in fancy dress. The people who were after them—where are they?"

"Where are——" began Anthony. Then he turned as pale as death. "All good angels over us!" he cried. "We have ridden with Lady Betty. It's the 10th of May. I might have known better than to try the road to-night. Protect us all. Yes, yes, we've ridden with Lady Betty."

"Who is Lady Betty?" said I. "As pretty a creature as ever I saw, at all events. Who is she?"

Old Anthony stood looking at me and shaking his head.

"It's an old story," he said. "Book-learned folks tell it better than I. But a hundred years ago and more, on this blessed night, my Lady Betty Hope, the prettiest lady, ran off from a country ball with her father's young secretary.

"They put one cloak over their heads, and an old servant drove them, knowing it was worth his life.

"But before they had gone far, behind them came her kinsfolk, armed and ready for vengeance. And when they reached this point they saw that all was over.

"'Better die together than live apart,' he said, holding her close. Then he called out to the servant, 'How goes it?'

'All is lost, sir,' said the man. The horses can't hold up five minutes longer.'

'Then drive over," says he.

The man obeyed orders.

"But ever since that night, sir, as sure as the 10th of May comes around, there's plenty here that will tell you that whoever drives a coach past this road after nightfall won't ride alone.

There's nobody that remembered the night would do it for a kingdom, but I forgot. I'm getting old, and I forget things whiles; and so we've ridden with Lady Betty."

That's the story old Anthony told me, and what went before is what I saw and heard. I'm a solid, sensible man, but facts are facts, and here you have 'em.

Fingal's Cave.

About eight miles distant from the western coast of Mull, and belonging to the Hebrides group, is the small and uninhabited island of Staffa. That it owes its existence to volcanic agency is evident from its composition, which is almost entirely lava and basalt, the columns of the latter substance being the principal formation of the island, and from which indeed it derives its name, Staffa being the Norse term for staves or columns. Numerous caverns are to be found in it, but the most celebrated of all, and to which the island owes its fame, is Fingal's Cave, or as it is sometimes called in Gaelic, Uamh an Binn—the Cave of Music, from a supposed hole in the rock, through which the water flows in and out with an harmonous sound. It lies on the southern side of the island, and it extends inwards in a N. N. E. direction for about 230 feet. Just before the entrance, on the right or eastern side especially, the columns are broken and irregular, as if the waves had worn away their shafts and left the bases only; but the entrance itself is through an archway fifty feet wide, and about seventy feet high, surmounted by an architrave of another thirty feet, and which is supported on each side for the whole length of the cave by basaltic pillars of a greenish-black hue, wonderfully jointed, and of great symmetry and regularity. The pillars vary very much in the number of their sides, though the greater part of them have five or six. The roof is almost unbroken in its surface, and is composed here and there of smooth rock, and of the cornices, as it were, of columns broken away—sometimes singly, sometimes in clusters or bunches, from which hang stalactites, white, crimson and yellow. A yellowish-white substance resembling lime has gradually oozed out of the joints of the pillars, filling up the spaces between and defining sharply their angles, the whole forming a species of mosaic work. The pillars on the west side are about thirty-six feet high, rising up straight from the water—while those of the east are, by the raising of their bases eighteen feet, reduced to half the height, the elevation of the roof being the same on both sides. On the eastern side is a ledge—it can hardly be called a gallery—by means of which it is possible to reach the extremity of the cave, which is there twenty feet wide. Though the floor is the sea, and the depth of water at the mouth is eighteen feet, and at the other end nine feet, it is seldom prudent and often impossible for boats to enter. The entrance being so wide, the tide makes its way in in an almost unbroken swell. Standing, however, on the ledge of rock already mentioned, it is a sight exquisitely beautiful to watch when the sun is shining, the light green waves rolling in with a loud boom, made louder by the echoes, scattering the spray to the roof, and washing the half-broken pillars on both sides, when they reach the wall of rock that bars their further progress, and contrasting their color with the dark red or violet rocks that form their bed, and the black columns of the walls varied here and there by the stains of lichens into bright green and red, orange and yellow.

To restore writing when it is faded, moisten the paper with water and then brush over with a solution of sulph-hydric-ammonia; it will be restored. This article can be obtained at any drug store.

Uncle Eph's Mistake.

HE RAISES THE DEUCE LIGHTING HIMSELF TO BED WITH A ROMAN CANDLE.

Th' folks up 'long th' Dyberry thought they'd hev a reg'lar rip-tearin' ole sellybration one Fourth o' July, with fireworks an' all the modern improvements. They got a lot o' skyrockets an Romin candles an' fiz-wheels, an' th' durndest passel o' permiskus waste o' good powder th't th' kommittee k'd lay their han's on ez long ez th' money held out. I s pose th' ole Dyberry woods hadn't seen sich a time sence th' Indians usty whoop an' howl an' caper 'round their camp fires.

Th' fireworks went off splendid. I s'pose here was powder 'nuff burnt t' keep th' hull o' Dyberry in ammuuition fur a year. Nobody's Romin candles ever roamed pootior th'n these up on th' Dyberry. These candles was so han'some like th't some o' Uncle Eph Kimble's folks kep' a cuple of 'em, and stuck one inter a big candle stick on each end o' the mantletree in the sittin' room for a ornyment.

Quite a w'ile arter the sellybration Uncle Eph were down the river with some lumber, an' he bought a bar'l of Jones' Philadelfy ale. When the bar'l come, he rolled it inter th' cellar o' his store, and it soon got noised around that they wa'n't never nothing know'd along th' Dyberry t' equal Uncle Eph's ale. One night a lot of fellers was gathered in Uncle Eph's bar, an' they was drinkin' ale pooty durn lively. Uncle Eph hed never drinked any o' Jones' ale afore, an' he was a doin' su'thin' a leetle unusual fur him, and was a tamperin' with the flowin' bowl hisself. The durn ale is infernal deceivin', and the first thing Uncle Eph knowed he were singing songs with th' boys that none on 'em hed ever heard afore, an' war telling yarns that made 'em all howl. When the ole man started for hum, ez he sez himself, he couldn't a told th' moon from a measure o' oats. The folks hed all gone ter bed an' the house were darker than Ejipt.

"B'gosh t'lmighty!" said Uncle Eph. Yc know it ez nat'ral fur him to say that ez it is fur him to eat, "the ole 'ooman's turned in, and—dont you see—I'm turned out!"

But he got in the house all right · got some matches out of th' tin box under the kitchen mantletree, and went a totterin' around on his toes t' find a candle. He couldn't find none in the kitchen, so he got inter the sittin room, struck a match, an' pooty soon see the Romin candles, with ther long wicks a stickin' up on each end o' the mantle.

"B'gosh t'lmighty!" says Uncle Eph, talkin' to himself, 'they didn't leave me no kitchen candle, hey! Then, don' ye see, I'll light one of yer parl'r ones. I ain't goin' ter bed in the dark, b'gosh t'lmighty!"

So he takes one of the Romin candles out'n the candlestick.

"Seems ter me th' ole 'ooman's a puttin a heap o' taller inter her candles lately, don't you see?" said Uncle Eph, recognizing the big size of th' one he had in his hand.

He tetches a match to th' Romin candle an' starts for the bedroom door. He had jest time t' say, "B'gosh t'lmighty! those yer new-fangled candles don't give no more light nor an old fash'n'd taller dip!" when he began t' hear from the fireworks. The candle begun t' spit fire, and Uncle Eph begun t' dance and holler. He'd got ez fur ez "B'gosh t'lmighty!" when "bang!" went a blue ball o' fire ez big ez a coon's head, plum through one o' the winders. One of Uncle Eph's boys—young Doc, I think—heard the rumpus an' come a tearin' down stairs without nothing on but his shirt. Just ez he busted inter th' room, Uncle Eph had the Romin candle p'nted to'ards the door, an' "boom!" went a red ball square agin young Doc's stomick, doublin' him up like a ship knee. Uncle Eph's wife went a runnin' from her bed t' the sittin'-room door, and when she see Eph in the middle 'v a blaze of fire, a dancin' around the room, hollern "B'gosh t'lmighty!" and duckin' an' bobbin his head every time th' candle spit a ball, she know'd just what were up, and she tumbled down an' almost died a laughin'. When the candle gin out she got up and went an' struck a light. She k'd hardly see in the sittin room fur the smoke, and she said it smelt like the Fourth o' July all over again. She found Uncle Eph settin in the middle of th' floor lookin' around kind o' lost like, ez if he didn't exactly know whether th' Judgment Day hed rolled around, or he'd ben struck b' lightnin'. Bime by he sort o' got a glimmer of what 'd ben goin' on. He looked up at his wife and sed, ez mild ez if he were askin' her fur another cup o' coffee at breakfast:

"Say, b'gosh t'lmighty, ole 'ooman, did you make them air candles? An' ef you did, what the devil did yer go an' put inter the taller?"

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

To the kredit ov mankind, I must say, that 9 men out ov 10 are not only willing, but anxious, to do a good turn whenever they kan.

Gravity and stupidity are too often one and the same thing.

There iz nothing that makes a man feel stoughter than to be accused of what he aint guilty of.

The unedukated genius ov man, like the instinkts of the animals, if not brilliant and komprehensive, seldum, if ever, makes a blunder.

About the right kompound for a man iz, two parts duv, and one part sarpent: and for a woman, all duv—snake in the distance.

I never hav been talked to deth yet, but I hav cum so near it several times that deth would hav been a good trade to make.

The man who makes us laf, and don't make us think, is cuzzin to the monkey.

There iz a thousand times more wit in this world than there iz common sense, and yit most people would rather be called witty than wize.

There are various kinds ov wit, but the only ginowine kind iz based upon truth; all the other kinds range from fust to fourth rate monkeyisms.

Thoze wimmin who kno whare there strength lays, never waste enny time howling for "*Wimmin's Rites.*"

The happiest people I hav ever met couldn't tell to save thare life what made them so.

The mind that busies itself much with the future, has need to be a cheerful one.

He that pelts every barking dog must pick a great many stones.

A Remarkable Blind Man.

There died in the summer of 1880, in the town of Burlington, Conn., James Goodsell, who was from his birth, during a life of nearly ninety years, totally blind. In early childhood, however, Mr. G. said that the darkness was in a few instances broken by faint glimmerings of light. Of four children, he and his sister were blind, the others could see. The sister, though at first possessed of ordinary vision, soon by a mysterious change, became wholly deprived of sight. In absolute darkness, the ordinary employments of a-work-day life would seem impracticable, but this blind man would swing an ax with the dexterity of a woodsman, and actually felled trees; he was an accomplished grain thresher, and would frequently go alone a distance of two miles to thresh for the Burlington farmers, climbing the mows to throw down the grain; could hoe corn or garden stuffs as well as anybody, having no trouble to distinguish the weeds; he would set a hundred bean poles with more accuracy then most persons who can see, he would load hay beautifully, and was so good a mechanic that he manufactured yokes and other farm articles with success. He had an excellent memory and was an authority on facts and dates. He could generally tell the time of day or night within a few minutes. One instance is given when he slept over one day and awoke at evening, thinking it was morning. For once he ate his supper for breakfast, but when informed of his mistake, slept another twelve hours so as to get straight again. He was familiar with forest trees, and knew just where to go for any timber he desired. He could direct a man where to find a chestnut, a maple or an oak, and the children where to go for berries. He was a good mathematician, and could compute accurately and rapidly. In olden days he was quite musically inclined, and like most blind people, he had a genius in that direction. He was at one time leader of the Presbyterian choir in that place. For two years he and the blind sister kept house together, though she and the other members of the family have long since passed away. To crown all, he possessed one of the happiest of dispositions, and was ever genial and cheerful. To this end his generally excellent health must have largely contributed.

"Don't I Told You So?"

One night last week a jolly old German farmer rode to Chestnut Hill after a physician for his wife, who was very sick. He dismounted from his horse in front of a saloon just as the boys inside had begun to make merry over the first keg of beer. He approached and lookhd cautiously around the scene. The foaming glasses were held high enough above the heads of the revelers, as one of the number pronounced a toast appropriate to the occasion.

The silent watcher licked his lips and wished his errand had been one not requiring so much dispatch. He was turning reluctantly away when the crowd saw him.

"Hello!" they shouted, "there's Fritz. Bring him in!"

He was hauled up to the bar, all the time protesting.

"Poys, I was in a quick hurry. Old vooman sick like the tuyval. I was come mit her doctor, sooner as lightnin'!"

"Well, you can take some beer while your'e here, and kill two birds with one stone," was the reply.

"Yas, I kill von chicken mit a couple of shtones, und der old vooman die mitout der toctor; I ton't forget myself of it, eh?"

'Oh, she won't die. You don't get beer often, and you've got the old woman all the time. Fill 'em up again."

"Yaas, I got her all der time, but exposin she go ded, I ton't got her anymore somedimes. It's better to go mit ter toctor, seldom right away."

But he didn't go. As one glass after another was forced upon him by the reckless crowd, the object of his errand was floated further from his vision, until it was carried out of his mind altogether, and his voice, untinged with anxiety, joined in the drinking songs, and arose above all others.

Thus he was found by his son, late that night. The boy grasped him by the sleeve and said:

"Fader, come home."

Fritz turned, and at the sight of his son a great fear arose in his mind, swept away the fumes of beer, and brought him to a sense of the situation. In an awe-struck tone he said:

"Yawcub, how you was come here? Vas somedings ter matter?"

"Yaw," replied the boy.

"Vell, shpoke up about it. Vas ter ole vooman—vas your mudder—is she dade? I can shtand dem best. Don't keep your fader in expense, poy. Shpid it out. Vas ve a couple of orphanses, Yawcub?"

"Nein," answered the boy, "you vas anuder. A leedle baby coom mit ter house."

Fritz was overcome for a moment, but finally stammered out:

"Vos dot so? I expose it vas not so soon already. Vell—vell, in der middle of life, we don't know what's to turn next up. Men exposes. Fill up der glasses."

The boy ventured to ask the old man why he had not seen the doctor.

"Vy, did she want a doctor? Petter she tole me so. I get him pooty quick. Never mind. I safe more as ten dollars doctor bill on dat baby. Dot was a good shild. Fill up der glasses. Whooray for dat little buck baby! Ve von't go home till yesterday."

Fritz got home at last, and was in Chestnut Hill again in a couple of days after some medicine. The boys couldn't get him into the saloon this time; he said to them:

"You bet I tend to my peesness now."

The *British Medical Journal* says that garlic has always had a great reputation among anti-hydrophobia remedies, and is found as a principal integral portion in a large number of formulæ long kept secret. A young man bitten by a mad dog was shut up in a loft. In his delirium he seized upon some bundles of dried garlic, ate greedily of it, fell into a deep sleep, and awoke calm and cured.

To be treasured up not in one soul but in many souls—to live not your own life but in hundreds of others perhaps wiser, purer, happier than yours, to be woven in with the warp and woof of boyhood's strong firm web, to gleam and flash in the finer, subtler texture of girlhood, this is the teacher's great reward.

THE CONVENTION.

BY LE DUKE.

It is amusing to note how the colored people can "take" to things. But a few days ago, our town was fairly stirred up because a convention had been called without the special advice or consent of a certain class of men who style themselves representative men. Things got to such a pitch that two or three of the representative men were on the war-path, in hot pursuit of one of the Convention Callers who had intimated that said pursuers were not representative men but only a set of pap-suckers who were compelled to "jump" their states to avoid the inconvenience of imprisonment. Of course the Convention caller was a little too far-reaching when he charged that the *whole set* of objectors were non-representative men; but we find quite a number of nails on which to hang doubts concerning a majority of the objectors. There has been no spilling of gore in consequence of the wrangling of "big men" and bickerings of the little men and as far as I can learn, there is no organized opposition to the holding of a convention. As I said before, it is amusing how we colored folks do "take to" things. If the question as to the holding of a convention was worth the bitter antagonism, the vituperative correspondence and the personal attacks which have been indulged unless everybody has been converted over to the wisdom of holding a convention, I see no reason why the colored people do not still antagonize it; for if it was unwise then it is unwise *now*. The fact is that a majority of the opposers had no end in view, but the slight notority which they would obtain by going into print; and now that the public has been made aware of their existence, they have nothing further to say. And even those who *really* thought upon the subject have, by an inanity peculiar to our people, permitted the whole matter to pass simply by default. Conventions are being called for the purpose of selecting suitable persons to attend this Louisville Convention and the question comes, what will be done after those men are chosen and they congregate for consultation? Who will be the leader and what will be their policy? Will they be the old fossillized politicians who have lost their occupation by their own want of sagacity and self-respect and who represent an age when colored politicans were, in the main, tools to the end of satisfying the capidity of the whites by a system of todgism, obsequiousness, the and man-worship? Or will the leaders be of that element who have devoted their lives to educational work? Will they be young men with force of character, force of intellect and a moral courage to fight valiantly for truth, honor and justice, with a policy which will not brook the encroachments of party practices upon the natural, social or political rights of the colored people and which will regard all parties which are not *for* the interest of colored people as being inimical to them; a policy which may be characterized by wisdom and a spirit of mild vindictiveness? Will our leaders be of the pot-house politician, hyena sort, who care not either for party or principles; who can be induced to sell their birth-right for "a mess of pottage" and bring shame and disgrace upon themselves and, indirectly, upon the race? The question as to who shall lead is a very important one. We cannot afford to have a convention whose proceedings will be made up of hot discussion of "pints of order" or questions of the "highest privilege." We want to see *something done*. All questions which will be discussed, whether political, (so called) civil or material, will in fact be *political*, for no question can arise in a Republic which does not effect, to a greater or less extent, the politics of the country. So that we need not talk politics all the time. Let our leaders be an intelligent class Let them understand and appreciate the importance of considering the *material* welfare of the people and put their heads together for the purpose of giving some practical hints as to how the colored people may become men of business. Let them present some practical views upon the various kinds of co operative institutions and say which, in their judgment, are best suited to our condition. A set of men, who can suggest the means whereby we may become a wealthy race, are calculated to lead. We are getting tired of politics. We want to know how to make money and how to apply it to the best advantage. We want to know how abuses which prevail among us can be rectified. We want to know how we can cure our race of intemperance. We want to know how we can break down the prejudice which prevails in Trades Unions. If the convention amounts to anything, it will be because it has said little about politics and because the little it has said is of that independent and determined character which will cause the whites to "look about." It is no use wrangling about politics in this convention. The place to do the business is at the poles. Mark the German. *Verbum sat.*

Richmond Society.

Whatever may be urged in favor of the excellence of Washington society, it can not well be denied that Richmond, in respect of culture and beauty among the ladies is not far behind our city. To be sure, the circle is not so large as ours, but its tone and character are just as high. Among the ladies who assist in giving Richmond the proud name she bears for hospitality and refinement might be named Miss Katie Dabney, a most charming lady of culture, Miss Mattie Hope, a bright and intelligent school-teacher, whose pleasing manners and versatility and depth of conversation, added to her kind cordiality, make her quite a favorite of all who meet her. Misses Martha, Bessie and Mollie Anderson are ladies whose exquisite beauty and rare attainments are at once acknowledged by all who meet them. Miss Bessie is an exceptionally polished convensationalist, possessing a musical voice and fascinating manners. Miss Maggie Farrer, Miss Irene Robinson, Miss Sallie Boyd and Miss Dany Hill are ladies of culture and refinement and do much toward sustaining the fair name Richmond has gained for hospality, beauty and culture. Dr. R. E. Jones is a young physician who is acknowledged by the white medical profession to be a talented and thoroughly qualified physician. His practice is large and lucrative. He is a gentleman of culture and pleasing disposition and will make his mark among the first of the profession in the country. The ladies and gentlemen of Richmond will not soon be forgotten and and Washington will always find room for a Richmond son and daughter. Space forbids more, at present.

Manitoba Lake.

The Manitoba Lake, which has given name to the province formed out of the Red River region, is called after a small island, whence, in the stillness of the night, issue strangly sweet, mysterious sounds. The Ojibway Indians who dwell in that neighborhood believe the Island to be the home of Manitoba, the speaking God, and will not land on or approach it for any consideration; thinking they would desecrate or profane it, and that they would meet with some terrible fate for their impiety. The sound is caused, it has been ascertained, by the beating of the waves on the large pebbles along the shore. These, with fragments of fine-grained, compact limestone from the cliffs above, are rubbed together by the action of the water, and give out a tone like that of distant church bells. The natural music is heard when the wind blows from the north, and as it subsides, low plaintive notes, resembling voices of an invisible choir are heard. It has been compared to the chant of the nuns at the Trinita de Monti in Rome, with which all travelers are familiar. The effect is impressive. Tourists have been awakened at night in the vicinity under the impression that chimes of bells were ringing afar off, and that their tones were rippling over the lake. The mystic bells of Manitoba have acquired such a reputation that travelers are not satisfied unless they are heard, and often spend days there waiting for the blowing of the north wind. The Ojibways have a number of poetic legends about their speaking God, whom they profoundly revere.

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THE PUBLIC PRINTER.

A great deal of half-witted comment has been indulged in by a correspondent of the *New York Globe* concerning the administration of the Hon. S. P. Rounds, Public Printer. And we are not a little surprised to find that our able contemporary has taken up the editorial cudgel in defense of the misguided correspondent; for after a few swings it finds it has "hit" nobody and subsides into the confession that it has "nothing against Mr. Rounds"—"that if our correspondent fell into an error we know he wrote in good faith," and that "if the large number of colored people are employed as enumerated by our contemporary we are certainly gratified."

Thus our worthy contempoay freely confesses to the *facts* as stated by our correspondent but excepts to the *ardor* with which he defends Mr. Rounds. For our part, we are of the opinion that discrepancies as to *facts* are far less pardonable than the most ardent presentation of facts and we therefore very consistently conclude that the excessive laudation indulged in by *our* correspondent, though to some extent censurable, is far less reprehensible than the wilful or obtuse distortion of the facts presented by the *Globe's* correspondent.

The *Globe* further states, in defense of its correspondent, who charged that Mr. Rounds is not showing the colored employes the recognition they deserve, that "Mr. Rounds should be grateful for the colored vote which gave him office and the colored people are thankful that, unlike other "big guns" *he has not forgotten them* in the day of his exaltation."

Mr. Rounds may or may not be grateful and the colored people should or should not be thankful; but the fact that Mr. Rounds "has not forgotten them in the day of his exaltation" is a confessed and complete refutation of the charges which the *Globe* has vainly attempted to sustain. Mr. Rounds was chosen Public Printer because of his thorough competency. Being a practical printer and having controlled one of the largest printing establishments in the country, Mr. Rounds is better qualified to judge as to the fitness of his employes than *even* the correspondent of the *Globe*.

Mr. Rounds never held an office before. He has never run for office. His administration has been most impartial and successful. He maintains the rule that where persons do their duty they will not be disturbed. As an instance of his adherence to this rule, it may be proper to state that, against the most determined effort on the part of the Virginia Congressional delegation, Captain Mills, a worthy and responsible colored man, was retained in office. Geo. W. Cole, in charge of the forms, was retain and promoted, against the demands of the Union and the opposition of the press-men.

Of the dozens discharged from the Office there were but two colored men, one of whom has been reinstated by Mr. Rounds.

As to the charge that Mr. Lavalette was removed because of his color, the fact is that he was temporarily transferred to a "case" because of his excellence as a compositor and on account of the special work which required the skill of the best printers. It was understood when the transfer was made that when the Office resumes the printing of the Congressional Record, Mr. Lavalette will be reinstated as proof-reader.

It is not the custom of the ADVOCATE to laud men who do not show proper regard for the just claims of the colored people. On the contrary, it denounces any and all public officers who ignore their obligations to the colored people. But it does not see fit to stand by and see a friend of the colored race maliciously or unwittingly misrepresented without entering its unqualified protest.

The following is clipped from the New York *Truth*.

"B. K. Bruce for Vice President. This name is familiar to every one fortunate enough to have a greenback. The signature B. K. Bruce is on every Federal note. It is the name of a mulatto, and an ex-United States Senator. Having been the foster brother of his master's son in old slavery times Bruce was educated. When freed by the war he worked his way through Oberlin College and emigrated to Mississippi, where he became a political power, and thriftily bought a plantation when land was cheap. He afterwards married a quadroon of education and they live happily and handsomely in Washington.

Whenever Roscoe Conkling (after whom their boy is named) visits Washington it is the house of the Bruces he invariably visits —what everhe may do as regards the White House. President Garfield sent ex-Senator Bruce's name as Registrar of the Treasury to a Democratic Senate, and that body manimously confirmed him

TRUTH supposes, for the sake of a prospective ticket, that General Sherman, of Ohio, on his retirement next year, shall be named by the Republicans for President; then what better name could hold second place upon the electorial ticket than that of B. K. Bruce?

"Sherman and Bruce" would make a good ringing combination in a canvass. But better still: This would be a ticket headed by a Liberator and tailed by a Liberated".

Speculation as to republican presidential candidates may be a little premature just at this time; but it occurs to us that the ticket mentioned above would be very acceptable to the colored people. It would indeed be gratifying to see the name of B. K. Bruce occupying the second place on the National ticket. Such a nomination would be the most telling indication that republicans are republicans, whether black or white and that merit will be sought after, and honors bestowed where unqualified devotion to party principles is to be found. Mr. Bruce is a staunch republican and the represenative of a class of republicans who have supported the republican party ever since they had the right of suffrage, yet who, though slow to move, are now seriously questioning the fidelity of the party to its oft-declared principle that the color of an American citizen shall be no bar to the fullest and fairest political and civil recognition. The nomination of Mr. Bruce would unify and electrify the "black allies" and bring to the Republican standard that harty support which would assure republican victory.

"The event of the year"—that is the manner and style of anouncing to critical Boston the debut of our Miss Henrietta Vinton Davis, who is aptly alluded to as "the beautiful, talented and accomplished Dramatic reader and prospective Shakesperian actress." The event takes place next Thursday evening under the joint management of W. H. Dupree and James M. Trotter. Miss Davis is to be assisted by some of the best musical talent of that city, in the person of Miss Addie G. Smith, soprano, and Mr. Mr- Saml. W. Jamieson, pianist. As the entertainment in Boston is but the beginning of a series to be given in the principal cities of the New England and Middle States, including the most popular summer resorts, THE ADVOCATE says *bon voyage*, which also means that it is the duty of every friend of progress, every one possessing a spark of race pride, to do his or her utmost to make these entertainments a success.

The corner stone of the Virginia State Normal and Collegiate Institute on Fleets farm, near Petersburg, was laid on the fourth with masonic ceremonies by Grand master Thos. Cayton of Hampton in the presence of an immense crowd. The exercises were participated in by colored Masonic lodges, Knights Templar and and military companies from Petersburg, Richmond, Lynchburg, Norfolk, Alexandria and other sections of the state. Addresses were made by A. W. Harris, secretary of the board of visitors of the Collegiate Institute; Peter J. Carter, rector of the institute, and Prof. R. T. Greener, of Washington. Senator Mahone and Gen. Stith Bolling were present. The building when completed will cost $ 100,000.

THE need for united and aggressive action on the part of the colored people to secure their civil rights becomes every day more and more apaarent. Every week contributes some additional argument for the urgent necessity of general as well as local effort. We need both the advantages of the interpretation of the law in the spirit in which it was framed and the aid from the steady progress in local public sentiment. Both are indispensable.

WE have received a pamphlet with the following title: Biblical Historiography and Methodist Factions and the obstacles which prevent their Organic Union, being the two addresses delivered before the literary conference members of the African M. E. Church, by Rev. Carl O. H. Thomas, A. M. LL. B." at Natchez Miss May 23d and 24th '83. Price single copy 15 cents. Orders for same can be filled by addressing the author.

Prof. R. R. Wright editor of the *People's Denfece* of Augusta, Ga., is in the city the guest of Rev.G. W. Usher of Israel C. M. E. Church. Prof. Wright is one of the rising young men of the South and in his own person is fulfilling the prophecy he made sixteen years ago, made immortal in Whittier's Howard at Atlanta.

THERE are currents and counter-currents in the civilrights agitation. There was a strong counter-current from a quarter the least expected, from Chicago the other day, when Rev. Ensley of Howard University was refused accommodation in a restaurant.

KENTUCKY and the District of Columbia have elected her delegates to the National Convention. South Carolina, Indiana and Arkansas have called conventions to elect their delegates and preparations for conventions in other states are now being rapidly made.

THE Convention to nominate delegates to the Louisville Convention met last Tuesday night and after a protracted discussion the following were elected: Hon. Frederick Douglass, Rev. R. S. Laws and Prof. J. M. Gregory.

Prof. King of Wayland Seminary Once More.

Though accused of cruelty and cowardice, in the case of Miss Mary E. Williams, and of acts, in other instances, unbecoming a christian gentleman, Prof. G. M. P. King, the President of Wayland Seminary, has, not given to the public, as I have been able to learn, one line, over his own signature, in explanation of his conduct, or in defence of the discipline which obtains in the institution over which he presides.

He has, I am informed, made certain acknowledgments to the colored clergy of Washington, in which he concedes that his condnct was unbecoming his position and character as a christian teacher, and the president of an institution of learning. Rev. Harvey Johnson and others, who are as zealous as Rev. W. M. Alexander and the Rev. W. B. Johnson, have made to me statements to this effect. But the whole thing was verbal and, so to speak, done in a corner, while the acts of which Prof. King is accused have been made known through the columns of the daily and weekly press of the country. Now it seems to me that two things are due to us as American Baptists. First. That Prof. King should make an unequivocal, unreserved statement of the whole matter, over his own signature, acknowledging his wrong and apologizing for it, if in his heart he is convinced that what he did was wrong. or, boldly defending his position, if his judgment and conscience lead him to pronounce upon the inditement brought against him a verdict of "not guilty". Second. That the American Baptist Home Mission Society should seriously and wisely consider such statements and say, whether, in their judgment, Prof. King is worthy of praise or blame. This much is due to the *white Baptists of the north*, who give largely to educate the colored ministry of the South, and to the *colored Baptists f the South*, because in *their* name and for *their* sakes this money is asked for and given, and institutions, like the Wayland Seminary, are founded and sustained. The Board at New York and the instructors in all the Home Mission Schools, I take it, are nothing more than the AGENTS of the denomination in carrying out a most sacred, solemn obligation. If Prof. King, and the Board from whom he holds his appointment, were to give to the public such a statement, the public might the sooner take a decided stand in reference to the Wayland School and that disturbing issue, which Rev. W. M. Alexander, in an article which appeared in the *Virginia Baptist Companion*, July 5, 1883, mildly terms Prof. King's "*Unfortionate Mistake*". It is certain that the matter cannot be dismissed as unworthy of the notice of Prof. King and of the board. Such a course, I apprehend, will be perilous to the interests of the Home Mission Schools in more than a single instance. Now, does Prof. King think the colored people, especially the colored Baptists of the country of enough importance to rise and explain, or does he regard them, in matters of this kind, as beneath his notice? Does the Home Mission Society feel that it would never do to call in question the acts of Prof. King, on the testimonoy of colored persons, or, are they, in their judgement, convinced that as long as the colored man receives his education at the expense of northern friends he has no right to find fault with any act done by his instructors, not even when a president of two hundred weight thrust hes knee into the stomach of a refractory girl of tender years? I do not *assert* any of these things, I only desire information, and if neither Prof. King, nor the home Mission Society's Board, will condescend to satisfy this reasonable demand then the sooner the colored Baptists of the South learn that the Home Mission Society's Schools in the South, do not belong to the colored Baptist in the respective States where they are established, and therefore cannot be interfered with, or their management questioned by them, the better it will be for us all. I hope that the proper thing may be done in this case, and the era of good feeling restored. But if the proper thing is not done, we, like our brotheren in the African M. E. Church, must rise and build, and take the management of our own schools, This is what the issue will be, if the proper thing is not done, and the God who has done so much for us in the past will not permit the work to fail. May the Lord help us all to judge righteouly and act wisely in this matter.

Yours for the right,
Walter H. Brooks.

THE LATE W. H. CROMWELL.

A Biographical sketch.

Died at his late residence in Philadelphia last Sunday afternoon, Willis Hoges Cromwell, in the ninety-second year of his age.

The deceased was born near Shoulders' Hill in Nansemond Co., Va., May 25th, 1792. He belonged to what was known as "the free school estate" of that county, the circumstances of the establishment of which adds another page to the chapter of the many outrages perpetrated, under the system of American Slavery on the rights of colored people. His maternal great grand parents were Jack and Julia Cromwell. Julia belonged to one James Yates, a Scotchman who as he had no children, gave by will Julia and her two daughters their freedom and two plantations and left seven plantations for the education of the poor. The land left to Julia, and her family was taken, they were cheated of their freedom, and they and their posterity were taken to support the free schools under the name of "the free school Negroes." Up to the time of the war there were some hundreds of these who were hired out from year to year to the highest bidder.

Mr. Cromwell made his home in early manhood in the city of Portsmouth. Up to the time of his leaving Virginia in '51 and since, the deceased was looked up to as the general adviser of the large community above referred to, as much because of his independent spirit, industry and pluck as for any other reason. Because of his refusal to be dogged and driven about by hard task masters or overseers, he was allowed to hire his own time and that of his family.

He was a ship carpenter and wharf builder and he eventually ran a freight ferry between the two cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth—a business then monopolized by two colored men—the other being the late Charles Cooper of Monrovia, West Africa, but since run by the captain of the noted Merrimac. From the profits of this business he accumulated quite a sum, and at the age of fifty-six he paid three hundred dollars for his time and more than three thousand dollars for his wife and seven children, the youngest being then two years of age. One of his children a daughter, had but recently been married. The "owner" of her husband, L. Bilisoly, the proprietor of a large grocery, to whom Mr. Cromwell voluntarily gave his services on Saturday evening, put that husband in jail and threatened to send him to New Orleans, on the protext that as his wife had become under the law a free woman, her husband would at the first opportunity escape from slavery. He did this knowing that before he would be allowed to send him to New Orleans his father-in-law would secure his freedom, which the sequel proved to be true.

Besides this expenditure of nearly four thousand dollars for personal freedom, he had in his possession receipts for $9000 paid at different times for the *hire of his own family*.

According to the laws of Virginia persons obtaining their freedom could not remain in the state exceipt on humiliating conditions. So merchants and preachers alike used their influence to have Willis, as they termed him, "go to Liberia where he could be a free man indeed, and see his children grow up to usefulness, if not to distinction." His views and theirs conflicted and he rebuked them for the solicitude for his welfare—"they stood between him and the sun and then blamed him for not seeing." In company with his wife he made a tour of several northern cities, including New Haven, Brooklyn, New York and Phiadelphia, returned to Virginia and finally in 1851 settled in the last named city.

Mr. Cromwell grew restive under the hardships and persecutions against his race and gave support to all movements for their amelioration. He conducted a retail coal and wood business, and set a personal example of encouraging colored men in business. We have known him repeatedly to send his orders for coal to Smith (Rev. Stephen) and Whipper (William)Smith and Vidal (U.B.) colored merchants, four miles away, although he could have been as well supplied by hundreds of others, nearer his place of business—simply because the former were colored men.

On more than one occasion he was station agent of the underground railroad. He had no patience with pro-slavery arguments as they found expression in the Northern press. We have known him time and again to be overcome because of his indignation against some time-serving policy or plea in the interest of the slave power. One day, in the darkest hour of the war, before colored people were allowed to ride in the street cars of Philadelphia, he had occasion with a son and grandson to ride on one of these cars. He had not gone far before espying an unoccupied seat, within, without asking leave he left the platform took the seat and then made room for those who were with him, and made them come in. The conductor came up, told him to get up and not violate the rules of the company, &c., but he insisted on his right to ride and retained his seat. A white gentleman on leaving the car handed Mr. Cromwell his card as "Attorney at law" and said, "You are in the right, and should you need any assistance call on me."

The funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the Zion A. M. E. Church of which the deceased was a member and his first wife a founder. Eulogistic remarks having been made by Revs. B. F. Combash (the pastor), Theo. Gould, Dr. B. T. Tanner, F. P. Main and B. Sier, the pastor said a gentleman had requested an opportunity to pay a tribute to the deceased, whereupon a venerable looking white gentleman came forward, and said that he could heartily indorse all that had been said, for he had known the deceased for over sixty years in his home in Virginia where he was universally esteemed, both in his business transactions and as a private citizen. He gave a few reminiscences which illustrated how Mr. Cromwell stood as the business man of his race in the community from which he came. This stranger was unknown to the family of the deceased and he had only heard of the funeral by seeing it announced in the daily papers. The venerable Rev. Thomas Jones paid a most eloquent tribute, saying the deceased was the man referred to in the 1st Psalm.

The remains were interred in the Lebanon Cemetery. Mr. Cromwell leaves a widow, five children and sixteen grand children. His children are Mrs. M. A. Armstead and Mrs. E. Nash, Levi Cromwell, the restaurateur, Willis H. Cromwell, jr., Supt. of Bethel A. M. E. Sunday School of Philadelphia and J. W. Cromwell of THE ADVOCATE of this city.

PERSONAL.

Mrs. James L. Tyree, leaves to day for her home in New Jersey for the summer.

Wm. H. Jackson, a colored bell boy at the Grand Pacific Hotel Chicago, originally from Baltimore, committed suicide last week because a pretty faced octoroon refused to marry him.

In Central City Colorado, they have a colored assayer, who is a graduate from the school of Mnes at Denver, and another colored man Mr. John W. Mottla is city plumber, and gas fitter. Nearly all the colored people own their own homes. They have no separate schools or churches. *Conservator.*

A colored young man a teacher in the St Louis Public Schools who is so fair as not to be identified with colored people attended the famous Washington Law School of St Louis, Mo. All went on smoothly until it was known that he was colored. For a time trouble was apprehended, but wise counsels prevailed and he was allowed to graduate.

The President of Nine Societies Dead

Mrs. Clara Anna Williams, one of the widest known and most respected colored women, died last week. She was born in Norfolk, Va., October 15, 1825. In many ways she was a remarkable woman. She was the president of nine different beneficial societies, and was a prominent member of several others. The first of these beneficial associations was organized in 1848. It is known as the Daughters of Jerusalem. From 1848 to 1879 the societies under her admistration paid out to sick persons and others in distress $59,-241.86. The present capital of the societies is $5,914.99.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty days' trial is allowed.

Strew a good man's path with flowers while he lives
If he needs must tread on thorns let them be spread by foes.
So when he dies friends shall not as a mockery give tokens of esteem and love. M. L. Hoy.

AN ACROSTIC,

Respectfully dedicated to Professor Richard T. Greener.

Rich in principle, rich in mind;
In character noble, in manner refined
Claiming a standard all men to unite-
High in his bearing, upholding the right,
A man indeed of beautiful mould,
Rare in his qualities not to be sold,
Deeming true principle better than gold!
Tested in a trying hour when the foes to kill had power,
Greener shall live in the hearts of his race,
Resting in memory's fond embrace,
Ever as a scholar, teacher, and friend;
Ever as an advocate willing to lend
New efforts when dark shadows bend.
Excelsior may his steps attend;
Renewed blessings; God to him send!

Washington, D. C. May 28th 1883.
M. L. H.

The Garden Spider.

The writer has often tested the intelligence and perseverance of the geometrical spider by the following, it must be admitted, aggravating experiment. Taking a piece of paper and rolling it between his fingers, he has thrown it into the web, taking care that it is not heavier than the weight of a fly. The spider runs along with alacrity towards his supposed prey, and soon discovering its unpalatable nature, carefully disentangles it, and drops it clear of the web to the ground by stretching out his first pair of legs, just as a human being might reach out his arm. He then turns to his place in the centre, and in a moment or so a piece of paper is thrown into another part of the web. The spider acts as before, and will do so, without much variation, a few times. The fifth or sixth time he rushes at the paper with an appearance of anger, or runs an inch or two along the strands as if enraged, and then back again; pauses a moment or so, as if to recover his equanimity, and then goes briskly to his disappointment, and again carefully disentangles the paper. All these movements, from the evident *feeling* and intelligence shown, are full of interest to the observer of nature, and they are sufficiently varied in individuals to make the experiment worth trying any number of times. Occasionally, for example, the spider, after he has been deceived a few times, will stretch out all his feet upon the strands, without moving from his place, and shake his web angrily; or he will *jerk* the paper out much as one might flip it away from between the finger and thumb, with a decisive sharpness very significant of passion. After awhile the spider will give up attacking his supposed prey. Throw in a dozen, twenty, thirty bits of paper, and he will remain passive; but give up your sport for five or ten minutes, and you will again find him busily at work, going from piece to piece until the entire web is set free.

Flies and Bugs

Flies, roaches, ants, bed-bugs, rats mice, gopher chipmunks, cleared out by "Rough on Rats. 15c.

One of the Small Industries.

Few are aware of the extent to which the spool manufacture is now carried on, in order to meet the requirements of other and more valuable industries, and the processes of production have also been greatly simplified and cheapened.

The wood is first sawed into pieces about four feet long and one and a half-inchs square, according to the size of the spool to be made, and thes epieces when thoroughly dried are given to the "roughers," who in an incredibly short space of time bore a hole in the center a couple of inches deep, turn about the same space round, and then cut off the length required for the spools. The machines used for this purpose are revolving planers, in the centre of which is a revolving gimlet or bit, and, immediately to the right, a small circular saw with a guage set to the proper size; experienced operatives turn out from 100 to 130 gross per day.

The round blocks pass to the "finisher," who place them in machines which produce the form of spools and make them smooth. A man stands with his left hand on a small lever, and with the right places the blocks, one at a time, in the lathe, then draws the lever towards the operator for an instant, and the work is done; the lever is pushed back, and the spools drop down into a box below, while the right hand is ready with another block—these blocks being handled at the rate of twenty-five to thirty per minute.

Finally the spools are thrown loosely into a large cylinder, which, revolving slowly, the spools are polished by the constant rubbing upon each other for some time; on being taken out of cylinder, they are placed in a hopper with an opening at the bottom, through which they pass down a slide for inspection, every faulty one being thus thrown out.

The Omnibus.

The long coach called an omnibus, with the entrance behind, and the seats along the side, facing each other, originated in Paris in 1827; and in 1831 it began to come into use in London. In large cities it is found the most economical form of carriage except those running on rails, for conveying the largest number of passengers through the streets. In Paris the public omnibuses are numerous and commodious, though their progress is slow as compared with those of London. One company has a municipal monopoly, and owns all the lines. The omnibuses on the several lines are of different colors; and the lines are lettered from A to Z, and from A B to A Z. In 1875 there were in London about fifteen hundred omnibuses, employing nearly seven thousand persons. The number was formerly much larger in proportion; for, in 1844, one company employed fourteen hundred omnibuses. But a large part of the city and suburban travel is now carried on tramways and underground railways. In New York City one was made in 1830, and run upon Broadway. In 1858 the number of these coaches employed upon various lines was four hundred and twenty-nine. This was a considerable reduction from the number of former years, owing to the construction of horse-railroads; and by 1873 the number was reduced to about two hundred,

The People's Advocate.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

AGENTS.

Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... { G. B, Anderson.
" ..... { G. W. Renfro.
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.

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Advertisements see rates.

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A. H Brooks. 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. L. Brooks, 1116 F street, northwest.
M. B. Polkinhorn, next door to Post Office.

☞Local communications and &c., should reach this office not later than Thursday morning; advertisements not later than Wednesday noon.

☞When ever any of our Subscribers do not receive the r paper promptly please promptly notify us in all cases, by postal card.

LOCAL.

—Bishop Shorter was here this week.

—Miss F. V. Ball will visit her relations in Virginia for a few weeks.

—Miss Lou P. Matthews left for New York last Monday evening.

—Hon Astwood left for his post *via.* New York last Sunday afternoon.

—The bush meeting at Irving Park last Sunday did not turn out well.

—Miss Amelia Ringgold will visit Atlantic City, this summer.

—Mrs Ruth Murray Collett is spending a few days in the city with her friends.

—Mr. John E. Patterson is at work in the Land Office.

—The Capital City Guard, Company B, will give a grand picnic next Monday.

—R. B. Bagby, the jovial editor of the Indianapolis Leader, will manipulate the brine, at Atlantic City this summer.

—Miss M. L. Jordan has gone to Minneapolis, Minnesota to visit her brother during the summer.

—The g and picnic of the F. A. A. M which was postpo ed on account of inclement weather, will take place at Ricks' Park July 19th. 1883.

—Mrs. Ex-Senator Bruce will leave the city for Cape May on or about the 15th inst. Master Roscoe will accompany her and they will take rooms at the Stockton Hotel.

—Miss A. S. Somerville was promoted to a first class clerkship in the Treasury Department, $1200 per annum last week. Her examination papers gave her the unusually high average of 92,73.

—Miss Maggie E. Gray leaves the city to day, for Brooklyn where she will spend a few weeks before visiting Newport. We wish Miss Gray a safe journey and a delightful time.

—Judge Whipper of South Carolina spent last Sunday in the city with his family. The Judge reports public sentiments in S. C. as strongly favoring the National Convention.

—The Laborers Protective Union had a picnic in Gales woods on the 4th. Sunday Schools participating were: Mt. Pisgah, 4th Baptist, Ebenezer, and Lincoln Memorial S. S.. The day was pleasantly spent in promenading, dancing, and various games.

—And now voice falls gently on the ear that state Senator Henry W. Chandler of Ocala, Fla. who left the Law Department of Howard University several years ago to try his fortune in the far South, is to revisit these once familiar parts this month, bearing upon his arm a blushing bride, a Miss Annie M. Only.

—The Building Committee of the Plymouth Congregational Church are preparing the specifications and plans for the construction of their new church which they will begin next week, despite the opposition of colored property holders. The edifice is to be built at a cost of not more than $20,000.

—Co. B, Capital City Guard, this favorite Company will give another of their delightful Pic Nics at Van Ness Park Monday 16th instant, and the Knights of Damon of Richmond, will be in the city that day and will be received and entertained, by them, at 5-30 P. M.. A pleasant time and a large crowd is anticipated.

—Miss M. E. Benjamin late of Jacksonville. Fla. a cultivated young lady, arrived in our city last week, remaining a few days, the guest of Mrs. W. J. Whipper. Miss Benjamin is not only a charming conversationalist but a close observer of current events. She speaks in the most hopeful terms of the speedy progress being made by the colored people in her adopted state.

The Young Men's Progressive Association will give their Annual picnic at Van Ness Park July 17, 1883 to which we invite our many friends. The object of this Association is to send out young men into the world thoroughly equipped for a business life, and in order to do this properly we need money, and we therefore cordially invite one and all to help us in our undertakeing.

Com. of Arrangements,
Alexander Hamilton, Milton Brookes,
Adam Laws.

—For Rent two desirable rooms, furnished or unfurnished with Bath, and convenient to Cars or Herdic line. Apply 2122 F St. N. W.. Rent moderate.

The Late Robert S. Woodson.

The following resolutions were adopted at a regular meeting of Peter Ogden Lodge No. 1374, G. U. O. of O. F. held May 10th 1883.

Whereas; It has pleased Almighty God the Supreme Architect of the universe, to take from our midst our beloved Brother P. N. F. Robert S. Woodson, one whom we loved and esteemed. Yet we bow with reverence and cheerful submission to his will, who doeth all things well.

Therefore be it:

Resolved; That we do sincerely mourn his great loss, not only for his personal usefulness and wise counsel, but as a shining light of a good Odd Fellow, and a noble Brother. A good citizen one whom all loved and respected.

Resolved; That we express to his bereaved family our tenderest sympathies in this their hour of bereavement, and would recommend them to God our Heavenly Father for consolation and comfort.

Resolved; That the Lodge drape in mourning her Charter for thirty days in token of respect, and that the Secretary be requested to copy these Resolutions upon the record, and transmit a copy to the family of the deceased.

William H. Johnson, N. G.
David Warner, E. S..

☞These resolutions to the memory of the late Robt. S. Woodson would have been published ere this, but for the fact that they were mislaid in this office and only found last Saturday.

Summer doing among the Baltimore cans.

The weather which is always warm at this season is almost daily made delightful by heavy showers which have everything looking fresh and clean and tempting many to avail themselves of the sails which are regularly made by the staunch and beautiful steamers down the bay, while the picnics to the parks and lawn parties are ideals of simple summer enjoyment.

The A. M. E. Church is making unusual preperations for their camp-meeting which commence at Waymans Greve B. & O. R. R. July 13th, St. James P. E. Church will hold their six annual picnic at Irving Park this month, the reputation of them is well known to Washingtonians.

Mrs. Geo. P. T. Jones has returned from her trip from West River much pleased with southern country life.

The Baltimore *Vindicator*, a new colored paper that has made its appearance in our midst, is meeting with splendid success having already a subscriptionlist of more than two thousand. It claims to be a nonpartisan paper. Its editor is Mr. J. Wesley Adams.

We are sorry to note that Miss Lizzie Sythe is still very ill.

Miss Rosa Toliver Thomas of New Bedford, Mass., intends to make her home in our city, we are happy to have such a talented musican with us.

Mrs. Wm. Brown will leave shortly for Atlantic City, we hope it will improve her failing health.

BALTIMORE.

The PalmeltoState.

The faculty of teachers from Washington consisting of Prof. H. P. Montgomery and W. S. Montgomery, Mrs. E. V. Montgomery, Miss M. E. Gibbs and Miss L. E. Moten have begun the State Normal Institute session with a deal of welcome interest. They were greeted by almost fifty teachers, the governor H. S. Thompson and the Supt. of education Col. A. Coward each of whom welcomed them again in their work of education.

The primary election of delegates to the state convention whose work it will be to send delegates to the National Colored Convention to be convened at Louisville, Ky., Sept 24, was held today, resulting as follows: Dr. J. C. Waters, A. W. Curtis, James Wells, Scipio Starling, R. A. Stewart, with alternates.

R. A. S.

ATTENTION EVERYBODY!

☞Wanted to Complete Our Files, Copies of the ADVOCATE of the following dates:

1877.

JULY, - - - 28,
SEPT. - - - 8,
NOV. - - 24,

1878.

MARCH, - - 16,

1881.

APL. - - 16, 23.
JUNE, - - 25.

1882.

JUNE. - - 17.

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ALICE CAREY'S SWEETEST POEM.

Among the beautiful pictures
That hang on memory's wall
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth the best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies
That lean from the fragrant hedge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest;
Nor the pink, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seems to me the best.

I once had a little brother
With eyes that were dark and deep—
In the lap of that olden forest
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle
Free as the wind that blows,
We roved there the beautiful summers—
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the autumn days
I made for my little brother
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in sweet embrace
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell, in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore, of all the pictures,
That hang on memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

An Extraordinary Sleeper.

The following account of a laboring man, named Samuel Clinton, of Tiubury, near Bath, is taken, so far as the substantial facts are concerned, from the *Philosophical Transactions*. On the 13th of May, 1694, Clinton, who was then twenty-four years of age, fell into a profound sleep, in which he continued for a month. Every effort was made to rouse him, but in vain. At the end of that time he awoke of himself, and went about his business as usual. Nothing more extraordinary occurred until the 9th of April, 1696, when he again fell into a profound sleep. Mr. Gibbs, an apothecary of Bath, was sent for after a few days, and bled, blistered, cupped and scarified the young man, all to no purpose. Victuals were kept before him, of which he occasionally ate without waking. Sometimes the act of eating was not fully accomplished, and he would be found with his mouth full of meat. In this manner he continued for seventeen weeks, till the 7th of August. He then awoke naturally, put on his clothes and went into the fields to his work. He was surprised to find it was harvest time, the period that had elapsed since he was at work sowing oats and barley having been a blank. From this time, again, he remained well until the 17th of August, 1697, when he complained of a shivering and a coldness in his back, vomited once or twice, and once more fell asleep. Dr. Oliver, whose account of the matter appeared in the *Philosophical Transactions*, then went to see him, and found his pulse regular, and his body agreeably warm. He tested the sleeper in the most severe manner, and tried by every artifice he could devise to surprise him into wakefulness, and was at last compelled to admit that the sleep was real. About ten days after, an apothecary (Mr. Gibbs, we presume) took fourteen ounces of blood from his arm, tied it up again, and left him as he found him, without the least movement having been made by the sleeper. About the end of September, Dr. Oliver saw him again, and a gentleman ran a pin into his arm to the very bone, but Clinton gave no sign of being sensible of what was done to him. Once, on the 19th of November, he woke up and spoke to his mother, but almost instantly went to sleep again and continued so till the end of January or beginning of February. He then awoke perfectly well, and, as on former occasions, had no recollection of anything that had occurred. He resumed his business, and nothing more is on record concerning him.

Decline of Man.

Nervous Weakness, Dyspepsia, Impotence, Sexual Debility, cured by "Wells' Health Renewer." $1.

A Bostonian traveling in England gives his experiences in the *Transcript* of English extortion, as follows: I write it with the greatest unction and emphasis after my name, whenever I am asked to record it, "U. S. A;" not that I love England the less, but my country more and more: and I so regret that I forgot to bring with me an American flag and at least one torpedo for the approaching Fourth. But I have found, whatever the honour and privilege of my birthright, it is not an economy to be recognized here as an American. And recognized as such, at once, you inevitably are. "But how did you know I am an American? I said to a chatty, intelligent Englishman, who, like myself had possessed a doorway to get out of a quite heavy shower." "I should not have known," he answered, "had you not spoken." And so my speech "betrayeth" me everywhere, and everywhere at a cost. An American is, by the average Englishman, supposed to carry a railway in one pocket, and at least a silver mine in the other, with an oil well as a reserve. He knows you. He spots you. You are his gudgeon. Wherever you go you hear of the foolish things Americans have done, until the English idea is that the American exists simply as a shilling and sixpence dropping machine, and he keeps the machine well at it. They talk of ducks shedding water, but one sheds these silver favors at every step. It is no economy to be known as an American. It is a luxury, an extravagance, an imprudence.

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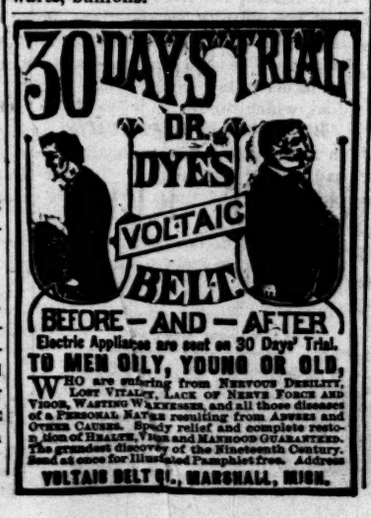
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The Executive Committee are proud to call attention to the fact that in the whole course of the existence of our Organization no disturbance, no disorderly and no disreputable parties have married the pleasures of our guests, and pledge themselves to keep on this occasion up to the high standard, and to spare no efforts to secure the enjoyment of all who patronize us.

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P. G. M. Wm. A. Diugald, P. N. F. Wm. H. Thomas, P. N. F. Ed. P. Brown, N. G. Alfred D. Coleman, P. N. F. Daniel H. Hardy, P. N. F. Richard Pollard.

The above committee will spare no pains to make this one of the most agreeable excursions of the season. There will be a postponement if the weather is unfit.

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Death to Mosquitoes.

A correspondent in *Harpers' Bazar* writes about a certain demolisher of these pests as follows:

"With the rest of the world, your writer has suffered greatly from those insatiable summer pests, mosquitoes; but now out of all his agony, he can calmly gather up the shreds of experience, and jot down a few facts that may help some poor mortal.

There is a remedy even for these ills, and it is quite probable that hundreds of your readers now have it in their house, though ignorant of all its uses, and the relief that is lying just at their hands.

The 'Pyrethrum roseum,' or 'Persian camomile,' is the powdered leaf of a harmless flower growing in Caucassian Asia in great profusion, where, for centuries it has been used to rid the natives of unwholesome guests from the insect world. It can be purchased of almost any reliable druggist at about seventy cents per pound all ready prepared for use.

With a finely powdered dust made from these flowers, the mosquito, the house-fly the wicked flea, and the disgusting Cimex rectularius may all be promptly put to flight or calmly murdered—a murder conferring on the human heart a joy too deep for words; for certainly it is a joy to sit, as I do now, at my writing-table this hot July night, watching the expiring agonies of insects, and rarely feel a retributive sting to warn one of their presence.

In order to enjoy this vengeful, delicious sport, it is only necessary to heap up into a little cone one teaspoonful of the blessed drug pyrethrum, touch it with a lighted match, and watch the thin, blue line of smoke as it rises to the ceiling and is wafted through the air, changing the busy drone of insect life to a weak wail of insect woe. Pretty soon down they come, plump onto the table and over your paper, spin on their tiny backs, and then sheath their lancets, curl up their hair-like legs, and interest one no more.

Up stairs our little ones sleep unmolested, though there are thousands of mosquitoes in the room; the pests are sick unto death, and cling sadly to the walls, too feeble to think of tapping the rich, warm blood that glows in ruddy little lips just below; the fatal fume of the pyrethrum has settled their business; and while it lingers in the room outsiders are unwilling to make an entry, though the windows are raised and the lattices only half closed.

Gauze bars were long since banished from our beds; indeed, we have not used them for nearly seven years. They are hot, stuffy things at best, and one must be sadly driven to attempt to sleep under such a cover; then, as we all know, the mosquito always finds his way through, no matter how carefully one may tuck up its folds about the couch.

Smoke from the Persian camomile, or its dusty powder, we have found most efficacious, and your readers will bless me when once they try it. The purity of the drug must be assured. This can readily be tested; it must have a bright buff color, be light, readily burn, and have a pleasant tea-like fragrance; one pinch should kill a dozen flies, confined in a bottle, at once; where it fails of these properties it has been adulterated.

In common use in large or breezy rooms, where from great dilution, it fails to tell, it nevertheless produces on insect life, through its volatilized essential oil or resin, undoubted nausea, vertigo, respiratory spasm and paralysis. It acts upon them through the minute spiracles, the breathing tubes that stud the surfaces of their little bodies, and from the delicate network of veins in their tiny wings.

To human beings, so far as I can ascertain, it is entirely innoxious and not disagreeable. That we—a family of eight persons, infants and adults—have lived for several weeks in an atmosphere of pyrethrum dust combined, during this present summer, is sufficient proof of my statement.

To the skeptic, I recommend an interesting experiment. Puff the pyrethrum into a close, warm room, where flies most love to swarm, just after dark, shut the door, and make another visit in thirty minutes. The sight of seeming millions of dead and squirming vermin on the floor will do his heart good—that is, if he is human, and not an angel.

Miscellaneous Recipes.

Blanc Mange for Invalids.—One ounce of gelatine, one quart of milk, and sweeten with white sugar, put on fire and stir it until the gelatine is dissolved; then pour into a bowl and stir until it is cold; flavor with vanilla; put in cold place to stiffen.

Blackberry Jam.—Dry your berries with a towel if they are picked in dry weather; to every pound of fruit one-half pound of C sugar; cook for one hour, stirring all the time; no water. Put in patent glass jars. Ought to keep until next blackberry season.

Currant Wine.—Mash and strain currants cold; to every gallon of juice add two of clear spring water and 5½ pounds of white sugar; put it in a clean keg and it will ferment of its own accord; do not stopper the keg; taste from time to time. When it is ripe, then strain again and bottle, using the best of corks.

Tapioca Cup Pudding.—This is very light and delicate for invalids. An even tablespoonful of tapioca, soaked for two hours in nearly a cup of new milk; stir into this the yolk of a fresh egg, a little sugar, a grain of salt, and bake it in a cup for fifteen minutes. A little jelly may be eaten with it, or a few fresh raspberries.

Pineapple Conserve.—Buy small pines, and grate or chop them fine. Take three-quarters of a pound of white sugar to every pound of pine-apple, and wait until the sugar is naturally dissolved. Put it all on the fire, then stir repeatedly, and when it comes to a boil take it off the fire, for it is done. It needs skimming. Put in jars.

Currant Jelly.—Mash and strain the currants, and for each pint of currant juice have ready a quart of raspberries; mash the raspberries in the currant juice, first cold; then boil slowly for fifteen minutes, stirring all the time; then strain; put all back into the kettle, and to each pint of fluid add three-quarters of a pound of pulverized suger; boil very gently for half an hour urtil it jellies, stirring and skimming.

Dried Mushrooms.—Nothing is more agreeable in dishes than a dried mushroom. I make mine this way. Nothing so easy. I pull out the stalk and lay the umbrella part down in a pan, which I put in a not too hot oven. It stays there a quarter of an hour; you cannot do it at once. Next day put mushroom back, and so on little by little till dry. Must be like leather when done. Soak in water when you use dried mushroom.

In the struggle of life the hero and the coward, the conqueror and the conquered, need sympathy equally. Often the mind which upholds others needs itself to be upheld; the honest heart that seems to be bold and true is fainting from secret sorrow, dying from some little wound which sympathy would staunch.

Odds and Ends.

A significant feature of our present industrial progress is the disposition manifested to utilize, and in very valuable ways, too, various odds and ends and leavings of materials, which until recently have been regarded as mere waste, and been carelessly thrown away. We are fast finding out that good use can be made of almost everything, no matter how insignificant and apparently worthless it may be, if only we can discover the means by which to render it fit for application to some practical purpose. Indeed, the time is arriving when important industries from whose prosecution large fortunes can be made, will be built up in this country simply by utilizing common substances which our ancestors never saved and considered valueless.

Several important uses to which sawdust is or can be put, furnish a good illustration with which to corroborate the foregoing assertions. Sawdust that is worked into a plastic mass, mixed with glue or gypsum, and given proper shape by being pressed in molds, has been to a small extent used in the manufacture of ebony piano keys, brush handles, knife handles, fire kindlers, blocks for fuel, etc. A Louisiana planter urges the extensive use of sawdust as a fertilizer. He says that if four cart loads of sawdust be spread over an acre of the poorest land for the period of four years, it will render it very rich. Sawdust rots readily and imparts to the soil a yellow appearance. Placed on the surface of the ground, it prevents various weeds from growing, and keeps the ground moist. It has been found especially serviceable in promoting the growth of fruit trees, and of potatoes and cabbage. But still more valuable ways of utilizing sawdust than any hitherto suggested are being foreshadowed. W. Grossman of Petersburg, Va., has secured a patent for making railroad ties, fence posts, paving and building blocks, etc., out of sawdust. The wood formed by the process, which is represented to be simple and cheap, can endure a heavier pressure than ordinary wood, can take a polish, and, it is claimed, may be made fire and water-proof, and so that no insects can injure it. This wood can also be cut and sawed, and nails driven into it without trouble.

At Minneapolis, Minn., alone, the enormous amount of 300,000 cords of sawdust accumulates annually at the mills, which shows that saw-mill men would make a handsome profit on this material if they could only readily sell all of it. Heretofore, however, on account of the difficulty of disposing of sawdust at any price to any considerable extent, great quantities of it have been thrown into the streams on which the mills stand, and in many instances have tended to seriously obstruct navigation.

Another insignificant material for which good use has been found is waste rubber. The process, recently patented in Germany, where many tons of this rubber has been annually thrown away, is thus described: "The rubber waste is subjected to distillation in an iron vessel over a free fire, with the aid of super-heated steam. The lighter oils which come over first are separated from the heavier products. The latter, when thickened and vulcanized in the usual manner, are found to possess all the good qualities of fresh rubber."

Furnace slag is a third common material that is being profitably utilized. An American inventor named Wood has discovered how to make from slag bricks that are superior to those of the usual kind. For this purpose he converts the slag into sand as it is run from the blast furnace, and mingles with it a certain amount of selenitic lime. He likewise uses this slag in the making of concrete, cement and mortar. Mr. Wood has also succeeded in employing slag, reduced to a fibrous condition, as a non-conductor of heat, in clothing steam pipes and boilers. A notable use has also been made of slag in the manufacture of glass bottles and glass railway sleepers. Glass bottles containing this material are said to be stronger than those made of flint glass. A quite recent means of utilizing slag has been discovered by Mr. Frederic Ransome, who can make from it a firm, white cement of the greatest durability.

Yankee.

The word "Yankee" is older than the New England Colonies, and was used by Samoset in his historical "Welcome, Englishmen." "Welcome Yenghese" was what he actually said; "Yenghese" being the nearest approach the Indian tongue could make to the word "English." Yankees and English are synonymous terms; and the word was applied to the northern English colonists by the Indians to distinguish them from the French on one side, and the Dutch on the other. The latter people soon adopted the term; and it was readily accepted by the New-Englanders themselves. It was never considered a term of reproach, but rather one of honor, by the colonists. The young "Macaroni" who came over as subalterns in the British army took the same delight in the opprobrious use of the epithet that our Southern brethren did at the commencement of the "late unpleasantness;" but both learned on closer acquaintance to have more respect for the Yankees.

A Small Hole to get Through.

The proprietor of a tan-yard, adjacent to a certain town in Virginia, concluded to build a stand for the purpose of vending his leather, buying raw hides and the like. Debating what sort of sign it was best to put up for the purpose of attracting attention, at last a happy idea struck him. He bored an auger hole through the door-post, and stuck a calf's tail into it, with the bushy end flaunting out. After awhile he noticed a grave-looking personage standing near the door, with his spectacles, gazing intently on the sign. And there he continued to stand, gazing and gazing, until the curiosity of the proprietor was greatly excited in turn. He stepped out and addressed the individual: 'Good morning' said he. 'Morning,' said the other, without moving his eyes from the sign. 'You want to buy leather,' said the store-keeper. 'No.' 'Are you a farmer?' 'No.' 'Are you a merchant?' 'No.' 'Are you a lawyer?' 'No.' 'Are you a doctor?' 'No.' 'Who are you then?' 'I'm a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour, trying to see if I could ascertain how that calf got through the auger-hole. I can't make it out to save my life.'

PRESENCE OF MIND.—A young lady was sitting with a gallant captain in a charmingly decorated recess. On her knee was a diminutive niece. In the adjoining room with the door open, were the rest of the company. Said the little niece, in a jealous and very audible voice, "Auntie, kiss me, too." Evidently something had just happened. "You should say twice, Ethel, dear two is not grammar," was the immediate rejoinder.

The Old House.

[Mrs. D. M. Jordan in Cin. Sat. Night.]

Does anybody know what has become of the jolly old-fashioned times that used to belong to our lives? They are missing, and we cannot find them. The days when the mention of Thanksgiving meant joy and gladness, and reunion and merry feasting, when all the members of the family assembled around the pleasant board, and the great fire burned cheerfully in the great fireplace. How the brightly polished brass andirons caught the ruddy reflections of the blaze, and danced around like fairies. Does anybody remember such a fireplace? The hearth was of freshly painted red brick, and the mantel was high beyond the reach of the children. The brass candlesticks were turned up in a row, and the almanac hung at one end. The shovel and tongs had their separate corners, and there was a crane in the back of the fireplace, where the tea-kettle used sometimes to sing like a nightingale. Where are they gone?

There was a pantry, too, (have you seen it?) with a smell of cheese, and mince pie, doughnuts, and a tempting display of jars tied up with white cloths. There was always one not so tightly tied as the rest, and naughty hands would reach after the peach preserves sometimes. Anybody know where all those pantries have gone? There were two old rocking-chairs, with cushions pieced up from scraps of dresses. The paint was worn from the arms, and they tipped over if you rocked too far back, but we wis't they could be found.

There was a kitchen, too. It went away with all the rest. A sweet kitchen where there was always a smell of good dinners, a spicy and aromatic odor of garden herbs. No tea or coffee has ever been found since with such a delicious aroma. There are thousands of great residences with every modern appliance for comfort, where they have state dinners with no end of pomp and show and style; where the china is costly and the epergnes are of cut glass and silver, and the wines are costly.

They are splendid, but somehow, to-day, we want the old lost house. There are echoes which come down from its smoky rafters, and they fall upon the heart with a mingled feeling of pleasure and pain. There are voices, and footsteps, and laughter, and songs, and the patter of baby feet all mingled in the echoes. Sounds that we shall never hear again save in the mystic hall of memory. Reader, you know of such a house, and you can tell why the mention of holidays brings a nameless longing to look once more into the old empty rooms once so thronging with life,

"Echoing with girlish laughter,
Ringing with boyish strife."

Trades-Unions.

Trades-unions are despotic. They bully the capitalists and render servile the workingmen. They are not in harmony with our popular form of government, the liberality of our social institutions, and the independence and freedom of action and thought that characterize the American people as a nation.

Trades-unions dictate to the capitalist in an arbitrary manner. They require him to employ the men they favor, to discharge others that may not belong to a union, to pay a certain rate of wages, and designate how many apprentices he shall hire. On the other hand, the workingman is required to be subservient under all circumstances to the mandates of the managers of the trades-unions. He must obey orders even though their following out brings personal detriment, suffering to his family, or injustice to the rights of his employer. Trades-unions control the liberty of the workingman in regard to when he shall work and when he shall not, what rate of wages he shall accept and what offers refuse.

No capitalist, possessing proper pride and independence, will tamely submit to the restrictions imposed upon him by these unions. He will resist such encroaching despotism with all his power, and right will be on his side. No workingman of intelligence and of decided convictions of his own will be content to be made a mere machine or an automaton that only acts according to the pleasure of a directing power.

Trades-unions may flourish for a while under the despotisms of Europe, where the masses have been wont to render unquestioning obedience to arbitrary power, but the free spirit, the assertion of individual rights, and the progressive tendencies of thought encouraged in America, are directly and positively antagonistic so the wide extension of such a baneful system, and we may confidently look forward to the demolition of such associations of workingmen as are not characterized by just and broad conceptions, or not founded on sound principles. Workingmen's societies that have for their object mutual benefit, and that do not subtract from the independence of their upholders and encourage despotism, are the only organizations that can be profitably sustained by workingmen or tolerated and favored by capitalists. Beneficent associations, indeed, should receive the countenance of the whole community; for the more they are successfully developed the more must the condition of the laboring classes undergo amelioration.
—*Manufacturer and Industrial Gazette.*

Antiquity of Nursery Rhymes.

Many of these productions have a very curious history, if it could only be traced. Some of them probably owe their origin to names distinguished in our literature; as Oliver Goldsmith, for instance, is believed in his earlier days to have written such compositions. Dr. E. F. Rimbault gives us the following particulars as to some well-known favorites: "Sing a Song of Sixpence" is as old as the sixteenth century. "Three Blind Mice" is found in a music-book dated 1609. "The Frog and the Mouse" was licensed in 1580. "Three Children Sliding on the Ice" dates from 1633. "London Bridge is Broken Down" is of unfathomed antiquity. "Girls and Boys Come Out to Play" is certainly as old as the reign of Charles II.; as is also "Lucy Locket Lost Her Pocket," to thetune of which the American song of "Yankee Doodle" was written. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" is of the age of Queen Bess. "Little Jack Horner" is older than the seventeenth century. "The Old Woman Tossed in a Blanket" is of the reign of James II., to which monarch it is supposed to allude.

An exchange makes this suggestion for business men: "In all towns where a newspaper is published, every business man ought to advertise in it, even if it is nothing more than a card stating his name and the kind of business he is engaged in. It helps sustain a paper, and lets the people out at a distance know that the town is full of business men. The paper finds its way into thousands of places where handbills cannot reach. A card in a paper is a traveling sign-board, and can be seen by every reader. Think of these things and let your light shine."

Curious notions of morality appear to prevail among certain inhabitants of the Orkney Isles, who, when a wreck has taken place on their coast, are, it seems, in the habit of carrying off for their own use everything they can lay their predatory hands on. This occurred recently when the bark Poolscar of Liverpool was wrecked out twelve miles from Kirkwall, the capital of Orkney. The enterprising natives confiscated coils of rope, cases of wine, spars, ship fittings, and stores, so that at the sale of what was left of the unfortunate vessel "there was not exposed so much as a tin of meat, pot of paint, ship's compass, clock, or any other of the small odds and ends generally sold upon such occasions." So clean a sweep had been made that even the legs of the cabin table had been sawn across close to the floor, and the table bodily carried away. These people, who consider plundering a wreck perfectly legitimate, are reported to be a "highly moral" race. An ordinary case of theft is hardly known, and the only reason why they make an exception in favor of the flotsam and jetsam of a stranded vessel is that "they still hold by the old principle that a wreck is a gift from Providence."

What becomes of all the opium? There are 975,000 pounds of opium imported to this country annually. This is an increase of 50 per cent. on the amount sent to America five years ago. It is time that our scientists, political economists, moralists and humanitarians looked into the matter. The drowsiness and imbecility of Oriental nations has been ascribed, in part, to their use of this narcotic. Are we to be devastated by the baneful drug?

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